

Guide to Life.

No. XXI.

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FIRE OF LONDON, AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A new grand model of London in the olden time, painted by Danson and Telbin, representing old St. Paul's, London-bridge, "choked up with houses," Baynard's Castle, and a variety of other objects, associated more or less with our reading, has been constructed on the site were Hecla and Vesuvius "once raged before," making us wonder how such a monster-phoenix, as our metropolis is at present, could have risen from the ashes of 1666. The day and twilight view of this set piece of art is extremely imposing—the perspectives being managed with consummate skill. The outlines or edges of the buildings are "softened away to nothingness," and are lost in blended harmony with the sky beyond, while the more prominent parts and foregrounds stand out in bold relief, with all the truth of reality. It is, in our opinion, a better pictorial illusion than any that preceded it, and is highly creditable to the artistical heads and hands of those who have produced it. The idea of first illuminating the old city is ingenious; it shows a number of otherwise obscure localities to the greatest advantage; and the subsequent conflagration presents a truly splendid appearance, reflected as it is in the water beneath, which gives one the idea of old Father Thames weeping

"Crimson tears for loss of something lov'd!"

APPALLING CATASTROPHE AT THE RIGHI MOUNTAIN.

BY AN OLD GUIDE.—"In the summer of 1836, we were engaged, another guide and I, to go up the mountain with a Prussian officer, his wife, and two children. He was a handsome man, full of spirits, and his eyes, which were large and sparkling, glittered wonderfully. The day was very hot, and on the way up he drank more kirschen-wasser than perhaps was prudent, especially as his mind was certainly in a state of great excitement.

"Well, we reached the top, and as soon as the lady and the children were taken down off their horses, the party began rambling about. The officer strided on before them until he came to the precipice, and then he stopped short. He looked over the brink, and the sight seemed to put him beside himself: a sudden crimson came into his face, his eyes flashed up and glittered wildly, he threw off his hat, and tossed his arms into the air. Whether it was giddiness that seized him, or the effect of the kirschen-wasser, or a sudden fit of insanity, no one could tell. He gave a wild yell, and rushing back to where his wife was coming on, with the little children sporting beside her, he threw his arms round her waist, and dragged her towards the brink, shouting out, 'Now for a jump—now for a jump!'

"It was a dreadful sight, to see the delicate creature struggling in the grasp of the madman: and, oh! to hear her shriek of agonised terror as he forced her along with him towards the precipice! No one could give any assistance; those that were standing by seemed paralyzed with horror. She gave but the one scream, and then her tongue was frozen with fear, and her cheeks and lips ghastly white, like those of a corpse, and her eyes fixed upon her husband with such an imploring look of agony and supplication, I shall never forget it! It was amazing the resistance she made, that weak, slender woman, against a powerful man, now doubly strong from his frenzy! What strength terror can give even to the most helpless! Still they were each moment nearing the brink; she, who had gotten down upon her knees in the struggle, catching, grappling, and clinging in desperation to every projecting stone and sod, as she was dragged along the ground. It was an awful sight!

"The frantic Prussian became more and more excited. Jean Hertz and young Küller, the two strongest and most active of our guides, said that his strength was like that of ten men: he had but one arm to keep them off with, for the other was wound round his wife, and yet with that he resisted all their efforts. The lady too, poor creature! baffled them almost as much as he did: instead of helping them in trying to disengage her, her only endeavour was to save her husband, not herself. She continued clinging to him and struggling, as though, heaven help her! she could keep him away from the dreadful edge.

"At last the people succeeded in separating them—it was Hertz who tore the poor thing, in spite of herself, from the clutch of the maniac. As for him no one could hold him: he broke through them all like a tiger, and with a yell that made the rocks re-echo, dashed himself frantically down the precipice! I need not describe the fall, as his body bounded from point to point, leaving a trace on every rock and bush; here a fragment of quivering flesh, there bloody hair, torn shreds and clots of gore. Look down there, and you can judge for yourself, and imagine the mangled mass that reached the bottom.

"Some of our most active young men succeeded in reaching the spot, and bringing up all that remained of the Prussian officer. The next morning they put the poor wife and her little ones into two *chaises-à-porteur*, and a melancholy procession—the living and the dead—commenced the descent from the Righi. So mournful a *cortege*, where all is usually gaiety and pleasure, never took its way from the Hotel-Rigiculu before."

ONE IS GONE.

One is gone from the little band

Of kindred hearts and true,

Who heart to heart and hand to hand,

Love's "linked sweetness" drew.

One is gone from the household prayer,

Where gather'd with bended knee,

Those who were joined in the kindred knot

With heavenly sympathy.

From the sunny hill a step is miss'd,

From our side hath ceased a tone;

The smile with joy, the tear for woe,

From us, alas! hath flown.

Ever thus:—Earth hath no place,

No shelter'd, treasured spot.

Where death—dark angel of the grave,

Life's shadow—cometh not.

From hall, from cot, from shelter'd bower,

Palace, and shieling lone,

Riseth, how often, the wild cry

Of sorrow—One is gone!

MESMERIC SLEEP.—The Mesmeric sleep is a remarkable species of sleep—very different from common sleep—whether the patient *ambules* in it or not; but there are sleeps not unlike it produced by luxurious sensations. "I went out," says Dr. Franklin, "to bathe in Morton's salt-water hot-bath, in Southampton; and, floating on my back, fell asleep, and slept nearly an hour by my watch, without sinking or turning—a thing I never did before, and should hardly have thought it possible." The doctor condemned Mesmerism; but here is something not unlike it in his own experience. Here was the sleeping man keeping himself up in the water in a state of individual unconsciousness. To float requires action: without this action, the feet fall, and the body stands upright. If the doctor kept his floating position, he must have been moving his hands, to preserve his equilibrium. He never did this before, he said, and he should hardly have thought it possible; and truly there are many more things possible and of daily occurrence that the doctor would not have believed; for most doctors have their own little worlds to live in, and very few indeed live in the great universal world. Dr. Gall mentions the case of a miller, who was in the habit of getting up in the night, and attending to his usual avocations at the mill; then re-

turning to bed, without ever recollecting in the morning what had passed during the night. We have also read of persons lighting candles, and sitting down to read, and actually perusing and turning over the leaves, in their sleep; more than that, composing, and writing their thoughts in their sleep. Thousands of such cases might be collected. Every age brings forth a few of them, but for want of a science to arrange and classify them, they have floated like ghost-stories in the world of literature. Perhaps, they are exaggerated; very likely. But there must be a foundation for the belief. Mesmerism is the science which professes to classify all these facts, to explain them, and even to illustrate them by example—by producing at will the peculiar state of mind that subdues the individual nature, and gives place to the universal. The individuality is asleep in the true Mesmeric state, and the universality makes use of the body. The more thoroughly subdued the individuality is, the more perfect the state of coma; and in some remarkable cases it seems to be lost altogether; so that the patient seems to be as large as the world, and to see everything in it. The *Lancet* itself (vol. 23, page 663) records an interesting case of this description, in which the patient perceived and described to distinguished anatomists the internal structure of the human body, and also distant places, as Rome, Paris, and Naples; and interior chambers, of which her individuality knew nothing. A professor inquired respecting the arrangements of his own study, and the questions and answers were as follows: "What is in such a corner?" "A table." "And on the table?" "A book." "And on the book?" "A skull." "Of what?" "Of an animal?" "Of what animal?" "I don't know its name; but if you pronounce it among many others, I can tell you." Then, on mentioning the names of many animals, she allowed several to pass, and instantly stopped at the panther, to which animal the skull belonged.

The phenomena to which Mesmerism directs our attention are so various, that it would be very foolish to form an opinion of the subject from one operator's proceedings or instructions, unless he had very large and charitable views upon the subject. All negatives should pass for merely what they are worth—a profession of ignorance on the part of the negator. The affirmer may know something; he affirms something; but the denier affirms nothing, and can teach nothing. There are numerous interesting phenomena somewhat allied to Mesmerism, which many Mesmerists themselves sneer and scoff at; and, in so doing, deserve all the bad treatment they receive. They are too ready to cry out "Impostor! impostor!" with the rest of the vulgar. There are the remarkable cases of the unknown tongues, for instance, now happily silenced, in public, but regarded by many as affectation, though perfectly analogous to many Mesmeric cases, in which the individuality is for a season absorbed in the larger or universal nature. But though the tongues are silenced, the private prophecies continue. These we have often witnessed in great varieties; and, not six months ago, we heard half an hour's effusion of an unknown tongue, by a Roman Catholic lady, who informed us that she was told, in voice and vision, by a talking spirit within her, that she was destined to bring forth the Messiah, who would be called Antichrist by the world. Nobody understands her tongue; she is seized with it in the street, and annoys all her neighbours with it. Amongst the followers of Johanna Southcott, there are numerous cases of involuntary *coma*, always religious. Some people ascribe these to imposture. We think they admit of a more charitable explanation; though, whenever the individuality comes into them, it corrupts and debases them; and the cases in which the individuality is wholly absorbed are very rare indeed. Moreover, it is not the mere loss of consciousness that the absorption of the individuality consists in; for the individuality is preserved in another form, even during sleep—as when the patient speaks his own language, and no other; but in the case of the lady above-mentioned, she answered Latin questions; and in the transactions of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, if our memory do not deceive us, there is a singular case of a young girl, at Stirling, who, in certain paroxysms, spoke the Hebrew language, of which in her individual capacity she knew nothing. Perhaps she had heard it spoken by Jews, as Dr. Rush mentions the case of a French countess, who, in the delirium of a fever, spoke Welsh, which she had heard her nurse speak, when a child.

ADMIRABLE CONDUCT OF A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

—The *Bretagne* of Brest, lately recorded the following admirable and successful action of M. Lefourdrey, the Protestant clergyman of that town. Walking a few days ago with his family on the road leading from Kerion to the cemetery of Brest, he fell in with a party of military men engaged in a duel with pistols. The first shots had been exchanged without effect, and the combatants were about to renew the fire, when he rushed between them, and, in spite of their remonstrances and even threats, stood firm, declaring that if they continued their murderous attempts upon each other they must first take away his life. He then, by his mild and pious reproofs and reasonings, succeeded in bringing them to a cordial reconciliation, and retired from the ground loaded with expressions of respect and gratitude from the two principals and their seconds.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,

MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from our last, page 155.)

The period now arrived when Mr. Robinson, by setting aside some debts, and by giving fresh bonds and fresh securities for others, once more obtained his liberty. I immediately conveyed the intelligence to my lovely Duchess of Devonshire, and she wrote me a letter of kind congratulation: she was then at Chatsworth.

The first moments of emancipation were delightful to the senses. I felt as though I had been newly born; I longed to see all my old and intimate associates, and almost forgot that they had so unworthily neglected me. Everything that had passed now appeared like a melancholy vision. The gloom had dissolved, and a new perspective seemed to brighten before me.

The first place of public entertainment I went to was Vauxhall. I had frequently found occasion to observe a mournful contrast when I had quitted the elegant apartment of Devonshire house to enter the dark galleries of a prison; but the sensation which I felt on hearing the music and beholding the gay throng, during this first visit in public after so long a seclusion, was undescribable. During the evening we met many old acquaintances; some who pretended ignorance of our past embarrassments, and others who joined us with the ease of fashionable apathy: among these was Lord Lyttelton, who insolently remarked, "that, notwithstanding all that had passed, I was handsomer than ever."—I made no reply but a look of scornful indignation, which silenced the bold, the unfeeling commentator, and convinced him that, though fallen in fortune, I was still high in pride.

Mr. Robinson, having once more obtained his liberty, how were we to subsist honourably and above reproach? He had applied to his father, but every aid was refused; he could not follow his profession, because he had not completed his articles of clerkship. I resolved on turning my thoughts towards literary labour, and projected a variety of works, by which I hoped to obtain at least a decent independence. Alas! how little did I then know either the fatigue or the hazard of mental occupations! How little did I foresee that the day would come, when my health would be impaired, my thoughts perpetually employed, in so destructive a pursuit! At the moment that I write this page I feel in every fibre of my brain the fatal conviction that it is a destroying labour.

It was at this moment of anxiety, of hope, of fear, that my thoughts once more were turned to a dramatic life; and, walking with my husband in St. James's park, late in the autumn, we were accosted by Mr. Brereton, of Drury Lane Theatre. I had not seen him during the last two years, and he seemed rejoiced in having met us. At that period we lodged at Lyne's, the confectioner, in Old Bond street. Mr. Brereton went home and dined with us; and after dinner the conversation turned on my partiality to the stage, which he earnestly recommended as a scene of great promise to what he termed my promising talents. The idea rushed like electricity through my brain. I asked Mr. Robinson's opinion, and he now readily consented to my making the trial. He had repeatedly written to his father requesting even the smallest aid towards our support until he could embark in his profession; but every letter remained unanswered, and we had no hope but in our own mental exertions.

Some time after this period we removed to a more quiet situation, and occupied a very neat and comfortable suite of apartments in Newman street. I was then some months advanced in a state of domestic solicitude, and my health seemed in a precarious state, owing to my having too long devoted myself to the duties of a mother in nursing my eldest daughter Maria. It was in this lodging that, one morning, wholly unexpectedly, Mr. Brereton made us a second visit, bringing with him a friend, whom he introduced on entering the drawing-room. This stranger was Mr. Sheridan.

I was overwhelmed with confusion: I know not why; but I felt a sense of mortification when I observed that my appearance was carelessly *dishabillé*, and my mind as little prepared for what I guessed to be the motive of his visit. I however soon recovered my recollection, and the theatre was consequently the topic of discourse.

At Mr. Sheridan's earnest entreaties I recited some passages from Shakspeare; I was alarmed and timid; but the gentleness of his manners, and the impressive encouragement he gave me, dissipated my fears, and tempted me to go on.

Mr. Sheridan had then recently purchased a share of Drury Lane Theatre, in conjunction with Mr. Lacy and Dr. Ford: he was already celebrated as the author of *The Rivals* and *the Duenna*, and his mind was evidently portrayed in his manners, which were strikingly and bewitchingly attractive.

The encouragement which I received in this essay, and the praises which Mr. Sheridan lavishly bestowed, determined me to make a public trial of my talents; and several visits, which were rapidly repeated by Mr. Sheridan, at length produced an arrangement for that period. My

intention was intimated to Mr. Garrick, who, though he had for some seasons retired from the stage, kindly promised protection, and as kindly undertook to be my tutor.

The only objection which I felt to the idea of appearing on the stage, was my then increasing state of domestic solicitude. I was, at the period when Mr. Sheridan was first presented to me, some months advanced in that situation which afterwards, by the birth of Sophia, made me a second time a mother. Yet such was my imprudent fondness for Maria, that I was still a nurse; and my constitution was very considerably impaired by the effects of these combining circumstances.

An appointment was made in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Garrick, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Brereton, and my husband, were present; I there recited the principal scenes of *Juliet* (Mr. Brereton repeating those of *Romeo*) and Mr. Garrick, without hesitation, fixed on that character as the trial of my *debut*.

It is impossible to describe the various emotions of hope and fear that possessed my mind when the important day was announced in the play-bills. I wrote to the Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, informing her of my purposed trial, and received a kind letter of approbation, sanctioning my plan and wishing me success. Every longing of my heart seemed now to be completely gratified; and, with zeal bordering on delight, I prepared for my approaching effort.

Mr. Garrick had been indefatigable at the rehearsals; frequently going through the whole character of *Romeo* himself, until he was completely exhausted with the fatigue of recitation. This was only a short period before the death of that distinguished actor.

The theatre was crowded with fashionable spectators; the green-room and orchestra (where Mr. Garrick sat during the night) were thronged with critics. My dress was a pale pink satin, trimmed with crape, richly spangled with silver; my head was ornamented with white feathers, and my monumental suit, for the last scene, was white satin and completely plain; excepting that I wore a veil of the most transparent gauze, which fell quite to my feet from the back of my head, and a string of beads round my waist, to which was suspended a cross appropriately fashioned.

When I approached the side wing my heart throbbed convulsively; I then began to fear that my resolution would fail, and I leaned upon the nurse's arm, almost fainting. Mr. Sheridan and several other friends encouraged me to proceed; and at length, with trembling limbs, and fearful apprehension, I approached the audience.

The thundering applause that greeted me nearly overpowered all my faculties. I stood mute and bending with alarm, which did not subside till I had feebly articulated the few sentences of the first short scene, during the whole of which I had never once ventured to look at the audience.

On my return to the green-room, I was again encouraged, as far as my looks were deemed deserving of approbation; for of my powers nothing yet could be known, my fears, having as it were, palsied both my voice and action. The second scene being the masquerade, I had time to collect myself. I never shall forget the sensation which rushed through my bosom when I first looked towards the pit. I beheld a gradual ascent of heads: all eyes were fixed upon me; and the sensation they conveyed was awfully impressive: but the keen, the penetrating eyes of Mr. Garrick, darting their lustre from the centre of the orchestra, were, beyond all others, the objects most conspicuous.

As I acquired courage I found the applause augment; and the night was concluded with peals of clamorous approbation. I was complimented on all sides; but the praise of one object, whom most I wished to please, was flattering, even to the extent of human vanity. I then experienced, for the first time in my life, a gratification which language could not utter. I heard one of the most fascinating men, and the most distinguished geniuses of the age, honour me with partial approbation: a new sensation seemed to awake in my bosom; I felt that emulation which the soul delights to encourage, where the attainment of fame will be pleasing to the esteemed object. I had till that period known no impulse beyond that of friendship; I had been an example of conjugal fidelity; but I had never known the perils to which the feeling heart is subjected in a union of regard wholly uninfluenced by the affections of the soul.

The second character which I played was *Amanda*, in *A Trip to Scarborough*. The play was altered from Vanburgh's *Relapse*; and the audience, supposing it was a new piece, on finding themselves deceived, expressed a considerable degree of disapprobation. I was terrified beyond imagination, when Mrs. Yates, no longer able to bear the hissing of the audience, quitted the scene, and left me alone to encounter the critic tempest. I stood for some moments as though I had been petrified: Mr. Sheridan, from the side wing, desired me not to quit the boards: the late Duke of Cumberland, from the stage box, bade me take courage:—"It is not you, but the play, they hiss," said his Royal Highness. I curtsied, and that curtsy seemed to electrify the whole house; for a thundering peal of encouraging applause followed,—the comedy was suffered to go on, and is to this hour a stock play at Drury Lane Theatre.

(To be continued in our next.)

STATISTICS OF DUELLING.—From the year 1760 to the year 1819, there are on record 130 publicly notorious duels, and as many more which were comparatively private. About sixty were prevented, and the parties bound over to keep the peace, and about forty persons were fined for sending challenges to each other. In one case in Scotland, the parties paid fines to a lunatic asylum. Out of those which actually occurred, forty were killed, and thirty-five wounded seriously and otherwise. In one case both the parties were killed on the spot at the first fire. Besides these cases, we have on record a duel between two French ladies, who quarrelled about a point of precedence; they fought with knives, and one of them was dangerously wounded. There was also a duel between a French woman and her lover, but the result of this is unknown. In the year 1798, a duel occurred with pistols between a scavenger and a journeyman hatter, and also a similar one between a lawyer's clerk and a grocer's shopman. In 1809, one of the most extraordinary and incredible duels on record took place near Paris. The *Annual Register* of that year gives the following account of it:—"On the 22d of June, in this year, a curious duel took place at Paris. A quarrel took place between a Mons. Granpreil and Mons. Le Pique about an opera dance, and a challenge passed between the parties. In order that they might not be prevented, they agreed to fight in balloons, with blunderbusses. They accordingly met with their balloons in a field by the Tuilleries, and having inflated them, and when about 2,700 feet high, they fired. Mons. Le Pique without effect; but Mons. Granpreil's shot tore his adversary's balloon, which consequently collapsed, and fell on a house, where Mons. Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces." In 1812, we also hear of some curious duels, in one of which one of the parties died without having received a wound, his death being caused, it is supposed, from fright at having severely wounded his opponent. In the same year there was a duel fought between two Frenchmen at Reading, they having only one fowling-piece, and taking alternate shots at each other. One of them was wounded in the neck. In 1813, a rencontre took place on a guard-ship near Gillingham Reach. The parties fought with scissor-blades fixed on sticks, and one of them was so severely wounded in the abdomen that he died in four hours. Since 1819, there have not been more than fifteen fatal duels in England, and the practice has fallen into disrepute, and duels are now fortunately of rare occurrence.

THE CALAMITIES OF WAR.—At the peace of 1803, I happened to be travelling through a town in France, where a certain Count I knew resided. I waited upon him, and he received me most cordially, and invited me to dinner. I made the excuse that I was only *en route*, and supplied with but travelling costume, and therefore not fit to present myself amongst the guests of such a house as his. He assured me I should only meet his own family, and pledged himself for Madame la Comtesse being willing to waive the ceremony of a *grande toilette*. I went to the *hotel* at the appointed hour: and, as I passed through the hall, I caught a glance at the dining-room, and saw a very long table laid. On arriving at the reception-room, I taxed the Count with having broken faith with me, and was about making my excuses to the Countess, when she assured me the Count had dealt honestly by me, for that I was the only guest to join the family party. Well, we sat down three-and-twenty persons—myself, the Count and Countess, and their *twenty children*, and a more lovely family I never saw; he a man in the vigour of life, she a still attractive woman, and these their offspring lining the table, where the happy eyes of father and mother glanced with pride and affection from one side to the other on these future staffs of their old age. Well, the peace of Amiens was of short duration, and I saw no more of the Count till Napoleon's abdication. Then I visited France again, and saw my old friend. But it was a sad sight, Sir, in that same house, where little more than ten years before I had seen the bloom and beauty of twenty children, to sit down with three—all he had left him! His sons had fallen in battle—his daughters had died widowed, leaving but orphans. And thus it was all over France. While the public voice shouted "glory!" wailing was in her homes. Her temple of victory was filled with trophies, but her hearths were made desolate.—*Lover's Handy Andy*.

WELL PAID LIVING AUTHORS.—James has been in the receipt of from £800 to £1000 for his historic fictions. Bulwer a still larger sum; his *Rienzi* yielded him £1600, and was the production of two months, as also his *Last Days of Pompeii*. Marryatt derived from the sales of his *Peter Simple* over £2000; Lady Morgan had 2000 guineas for her *France* in 1839; and, lastly, we might mention the celebrated Charles Dickens, who is reported to have accumulated, by his inimitable satiric fictions, full £30,000.

CONGREVE ROCKETS.—One of the most formidable engines of destruction which any vessel, particularly a steamer, can make use of, is the Congreve rocket, a most terrible weapon when judiciously applied, especially where there are combustible materials to act upon. The very first rocket fired from the *Nemesis* was seen to enter the large junk against which it was directed, near that of the admiral, and almost the instant afterwards it blew up with a terrific explosion, launching into

eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the broken fragments falling round, and even portions of dismembered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it.—*Voyage of the Nemesis*.

MODERN ECONOMY.—In ancient times, a direction was an academy of compliments: 'To the most noble and my singularly respected friend,' &c. &c.—and then, 'Haste! haste for your life, haste!'—Now we have banished even the monosyllable *To!* Henry Conway, Lord Hertford's son, who is very indolent, and has much humour, introduced that abridgment. Writing to a Mr. Tighe at the Temple, he directed his letter only thus: 'T. Ti. Temple'—and it was delivered! Dr. Bentley was mightily flattered on receiving a letter superscribed 'To Dr. Bentley in England.' Times are altered; postmen are now satisfied with a hint. One modern retrenchment is a blessing; one is not obliged to study for an ingenious conclusion, as if writing an epigram—oh no; nor to send compliments that never were delivered. I had a relation who always finished his letters with 'his love to all that was near and dear to us,' though he did not care a straw for me or any of his family. It was said of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, that she never put dots over her *i's*, to save ink: how she would have enjoyed modern economy in that article; she would have died worth a thousand farthings more than she did—nay, she would have known exactly how many, as Sir Robert Brown did, who calculated what he had saved by never having an orange or lemon on his sideboard.—*Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann*.

SCRAPS FOR THE LADIES.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Says Dick to Jack, "Your neighbours say
You wrangle with your wife each day."
'Poo, poo,' says Jack, 'they only joke,
'Tis now a fortnight since we spoke.'

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, was married four times. The motto or pious, on the wedding-ring, at his fourth marriage, was "If I survive I'll make them five."

EQUIVOQUE.—"You have played the *deuce* with my heart," remarked a young gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Because you played the *knave*," replied the lady, smiling.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Never did Paddy utter a better bull than did an honest John, who, being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Positively, I do not yet know whether I am an *uncle* or an *aunt*."

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—It is asserted by many, that friendship is a cold feeling when compared to love. It may be so with men, but not with women. Men love each other on more selfish principles than women do. The passions, the politics, the mutual services of men, make them friends; but women become such from the pure impulse of their own hearts, when neither passion, nor opinion, nor obligation knits the bond. In conformity with this, they delight more than we do in the outward marks and signs of affection—the sympathies of gentle words, kind looks, and ardent expressions; whilst we demand the more essential proofs of friendship, not merely in profession, but in acts often of the sternest character. A woman's delicacy and strength of feeling rest more satisfied with the will to serve, and in the unspeakable joy of finding another existence in the heart of a beloved friend.

THE WATER-FLAG.

"Take thou the glory to thyself, oh! rose,
And still in pride upraise thy queenly brow;
Yet 'mid thy gleaming splendor listen thou,
And hear that I would change not my repose,
In my glad home where the bright streamlet flows,
Far down beneath the willow's bending bough,
For all thy pomp; albeit all love thee now,
And deem thee fairest of each flow'r that blows."

So said a water-flag one summer's day
Unto a garden-rose, and it replied
In all the scornfulness of beauty's pride;
But which was right? A few hours pass'd away,
And lo! the flag still with the waves did play,
But the proud Rose was gather'd—and had died!

A HINT TO WIVES.—When a woman seeks to guide her husband it should not be like one who breaks a horse to his own purpose, using bit and spur, now checking and now goading his career; but, like the mariner who steers the ship, directs it by a single touch, while none can see the power that rules the motion.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall*.

PRESIDENT D'ALBI: A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

—No matter how fine the autumnal evenings may be in the country, they are sometimes inevitably tedious; and hence it is that those who are scientific in the *savoir vivre* have recourse to various amusements to beguile the lazy hours. One will give play to his musical talents: another, while the ladies are occupied with their needlework, will relate stories, anecdotes, and scraps of history. There is a *raconteur* who is generally more successful than the rest in captivating the attention of his auditory. Hohgoblins, in particular, are a favourite subject, and some display an admirable talent in such recitals, producing strong emotions, and frequently the extreme of fear. Though horror-struck by the events narrated, yet we listen to the recital with breathless delight.

We were at Renezi, in the splendid mansion occupied by Guillaume du Barry, who had married a charming woman, when M. de Catalan, formerly *avocat-general*, and afterwards peer of France, a gentleman full of humour and animation, arrived on a visit of a few days. His presence had already given an impetus to our amusements, when some one said, "Ladies, ask M. de Catalan to relate to us the apparition of the President d'Albi?" Immediately all drew closer, and prepared themselves for the supreme delight of being frightened. "But," said M. de Catalan, with the utmost gravity, "you do not know, ladies, what you require. This apparition is by no means a fiction, it is a real adventure. I have often heard it told by my father and uncles, who certainly were far from being credulous; it made a great deal of noise at the time, and was connected with a very memorable circumstance, inasmuch as it caused the death of one of the most distinguished members of the parliament of Toulouse."

We were beginning to think that M. de Catalan, as *avocat-general*, was about to deliver a preparatory discourse, and begged of him to continue the story, even though we should die of fear.

He commenced in these terms:—"The President d'Albi, a distinguished magistrate (as I have just told you), possessed an estate a few leagues distant from Toulouse. Every year, during the vacation, he regularly went to pass some time at his estate, from the situation of which, it was necessary to take a by-road; to avoid travelling by night, M. d'Albi always stopped at the Hôtel de la Poste, sending his carriage and servants on before him, and the following morning proceeded on horseback, attended by his faithful companion, Castor, a fine bloodhound. On his return to Toulouse he acted in like manner, sending his carriage on before him to await him at the hotel. The arrival of M. d'Albi at the *auberge* was always a source of joy to the family. For many years he had been their patron, and had seen all the younger branches married, who considered him as their natural protector.

"The year in which what I am about to tell you happened, M. d'Albi arrived on horseback, and being obliged to return in haste to Toulouse, he merely drew up at the hotel for the purpose of taking refreshment. But he was greatly surprised at finding all the family overwhelmed with grief and affliction; the master of the hotel had been missing for many days, and, as yet, all search to discover him had proved fruitless. The arrival of the President was a source of consolation to the afflicted family, and they looked with confidence to the measures which his counsel would suggest, and his authority enforce, in aiding them to unravel so mysterious an affair. Accordingly, he summoned the functionaries of the district round him, and gave orders that the most minute inquiries should be made in the environs. Foreseeing that this affair would detain him a considerable time, he sent off his servant with a letter to his lady, lest his delay might cause her uneasiness. These proceedings occupied the entire day; he was fatigued, but before retiring to bed, he repaired to the stable, followed by his dog, lest in all this confusion they should have forgotten to feed his horse—an animal upon which he set a high value.

"On returning to the house, which was at a little distance, he perceived that Castor did not follow him. He went back and called him several times, but had the greatest difficulty in forcing him to return. The dog had buried himself in a sort of haggard, filled with fagots, which lay just behind the stable, and would not quit it. At length his master, having succeeded in forcing him out, shut the haggard-door, and proceeded to bed.

"As it was yet early, he disposed himself to read, but being overcome by fatigue, he fell into a sound sleep. He had scarcely slept a few hours, when he was awakened by a frightful dream, in which he had seen François, the innkeeper, covered with blood. He was about to speak to him, when a howling from his dog awoke him, and interrupted his dream. Being a man of sound intellect, he naturally attributed this nightmare to the agitation which the events of the day had produced, and considered it nothing more than nervous excitement. With this assurance he soon fell asleep again, but the same figure presented itself to his imagination, and this time with much more distinctness. The innkeeper now addressed him: 'I have been assassinated,' said he, 'by the stable-boy, whom I discharged last year, having had a quarrel with him, in which I upbraided him with dishonesty. He is a Catalanian; and ever since retained a feeling of vengeance in his heart. It was he who committed the crime. My body will be found buried under the fagots in the haggard behind the

stable, where seldom any one enters. You must dig deep to verify the revelation I now make you. Have my body honoured with the rites of Christian burial. You shall be recompensed.'

"M. d'Albi awoke again, covered with a cold sweat. He almost reproached himself with pusillanimity, which, by allowing his sleep to be interrupted, betrayed his weakness. He endeavoured to sleep, but twice the same vision pursued him. No longer able to support his anxiety, he lighted a wax taper, and endeavoured to captivate his attention with an interesting hook, whilst awaiting the morning. Vain hope! he recommenced the same passage over and over without being able to understand a word of what he read. His distracted eye could not fix itself on the page. His dream was continually recurring to his mind, and he could think of nothing else. In spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he retraced its minutest details. He reflected too on the obstinacy of his dog in remaining in the haggard which had been pointed out by the murdered man. He felt his firmness shaken, and then, to justify his weakness, his memory furnished him with a similar fact published in the *Causas Célèbres*.*

"In fine, no longer able to resist the uneasiness which he felt, the President arose, dressed himself, and as soon as morning dawned he hastened to the stable, accompanied by his dog, which ran harking straight to the haggard. M. d'Albi felt influenced by a strange sentiment of terror: for he could not dissemble his belief that he was upon the point of seeing realized that which is understanding and his good sense repudiated as an error inconsistent with the belief of any sound-minded person. How bring himself to admit supernatural agencies in a matter of this description!

"The inexplicable fact was about, however, to be established. Surprised by the singular motions of his dog, he called some peasants, who were going to their work, after having removed the fagots, he made them dig up the earth at the precise spot where the dog was scraping with his feet. Judge of the fright of these good people and of the horror of the President, at discovering the remains of a corpse, in a state of putrefaction! He came out of the haggard, had the doors shut, and insisted on the peasants observing the strictest secrecy, until they should have discovered the assassin, and thus prevented him from escaping the hands of justice.

"The formalities being accomplished, they succeeded in finding the stable-boy in a neighbouring village. All the details turned out to be exact, but the discovery was attributed to Castor, for M. d'Albi, as you may well suppose, never spoke of the vision, which caused him, nevertheless, a great deal of uneasiness.

"The assassin was conducted to the city prison; the unfortunate François was hurried; and the President, after having assisted at his interment, and given the family all the consolation he could, departed for Toulouse, promising to return when the trial came on. The occupations attendant on the eminent place he filled in parliament, had soon dissipated the pensive air which was remarkable on his arrival; he seldom spoke of this extraordinary circumstance, but still he thought of it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE JOKELINGS' SONG.*

Here's to the Joke, that is known to fifteen,

And here's to the Jest, known to fifty;

Here's to the Point, that is readily seen,

And here's to the Wit that is thrifty!

Chorus.—Let the Joke pass,

'Twill do for the mass—]

I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for the glass!

Here's to the "Good-thing" whose neatness we prize,

Here's to the "Dummy" with none, sir!

Here's to the Fun that beams out from the eyes,

And here's to the laugh-moving Fun, sir!—Chorus.

Here's to the sportive and sparkling Bon-mot,

Uncorked, like champagne, in a hurry!

Here's to the well-known and oft-quoted Joe

That made all our forefathers merry!—Chorus.

For let them be clumsy, neat, pointed, or prim,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather;

Come fill to each Joke, let your Wine touch the brim,

And e'en let us take them together!—Chorus.

* Two friends were travelling together on horseback; one stopped at a village, the other continued his journey. The same night that they separated, the friend who had stopped in the village dreamed that his companion was exposed to great danger, that he had called on him to assist him, and pointed out to him the means. Twice he fell asleep; but each time his friend appeared before him. The last time, he reproached him for not having listened to his entreaties, and indicated the place where he could assure himself of all the circumstances. It was not far from the town. The young man, tormented by this vision, yielded to the impulse of his imagination, repaired to the place, found his friend assassinated, and all the details perfectly accurate.

LIVING INHUMATION.—I had been subject to epileptic fits from my youth upwards, which, though they did not deprive me of animation in the sight of those about me, completely annihilated my own consciousness. I used to be attacked at all times and seasons, but most commonly about the full of the moon. I generally had a warning of a peculiar nature when these attacks were coming on, that it would be difficult to describe: it was a sensation, that to be known must be experienced. My excellent wife Martha (I mean my first wife, who has been dead now for the best part of forty years) used to say that she always observed an unusual paleness over my complexion, otherwise ruddy, for a day or two before the fit came upon me. Bless her soul! she never let me be one moment out of her sight, from the instant she had a suspicion of my approaching malady. This benevolent caution on her part was a great means of enabling her to subdue the violence of the fit when it came, for which purpose her experience had pointed out to her several useful applications. I married again after her decease, because I was oppressed beyond bearing by my loneliness, which none but persons in such a situation—I mean a widower's—can tell. My second wife, whom I have also buried, was not so penetrating in the faculty of observation. She was a woman of an admirable thrift; and to her economy it was, that, under God, I owe my preservation in the terrible event I am about to detail. Had I been interred in lead, it would have been all over with me!

Our family burying-place in Bristol is in — Church, where there is a general vault, in which all persons who can fee the officials high enough, may be interred, until their friends forget them; which, for that matter, in trading towns is not usually a very long time; but this is only granted provided they are buried in lead. I suppose they are turned out of their metal coffins in the end, as they are in London and other places, that the old lead may buy a carousal for the churchwardens and sexton, and make room for the new tenants to be served in the same manner. But to my story—to my excellent wife's thrift I owe my preservation. Willing to save as much money as possible at my funeral, she had my body, with all the usual and proper grief attendant on the ceremony, put into a stout fir coffin, the weight of which was increased by a couple of old hundred weights placed one at my head, the other at my feet. Thus the thing passed off very well, and money was saved to my heirs. I thereby cast no reflections upon my dear departed wife's regard for me. I was convinced, as I told her, that her motive was good; and well did it turn out for me that she was so thrifty and considerate. She was a true Bristol woman, and as the good citizens generally are there pretty keen and close-fingered; but it is error on the right side. She was called Susannah, the daughter of an opulent and ancient common councilman, and I got my freedom of the city by marrying her; she was plain in her person, as all Bristol-born women formerly were,—but I wander again from my story.

I had made a most excellent dinner—of this I have a perfect recollection. Of more than this I can recollect nothing, until on coming out of my fit, as I suppose—(for I quickly imagined, feeling the usual sensations, that I was recovering from one of them)—I say, that on coming to myself, I was surprised to feel myself pinioned and in utter darkness. I had no space to stir, if I would, as I soon found, while I struggled to loosen a sheet or some such thing in which I was scantily enveloped. My hand would not reach my head when I attempted to do so, by reason of my elbow touching the bottom, and my hand the top, of the enclosure around me. It was the attempting to do this, and finding myself naked, except with the aforesaid covering, that struck me I had been entombed alive. The thought rushed suddenly upon me. My first sensations were those of simple surprise. I was like a child aroused out of a deep sleep, and not sufficiently awake to recognise its attendants.

When the real truth flashed upon me in all its fearful energy, I never can forget the thrill of horror that struck through me! It was as if a bullet had perforated my heart, and all the blood in my body had gushed through the wound! Never, never can hell be more terrible than the sensations of that moment! I lay motionless for a time, petrified with terror. Then a clammy dampness burst forth from every pore of my body. My horrible doom seemed inevitable; and so strong at length became this impression—so bereft of hope appeared my situation—that I ultimately recovered from it only to plunge into the depths of a calm, resolute despair. As not the faintest ray of hope could penetrate the darkness around my soul, resignation to my fate followed. I began to think of death coolly, and to calculate how long I might survive before famine closed the hour of my existence. I prayed to God that I might have fortitude to die without repining, calmly as I then felt. I tried if I could remember how long man could exist without food. Thus the tranquillity of my despair made me comparatively easy, if contrasted with the situation in which I felt myself afterwards, when hope began to glimmer upon me. My days must in the end be numbered—I must die at last—I was only perishing a little sooner than I otherwise must have done. Even from this thought I derived consolation; and I now think life might have closed calmly upon me, if the pangs of hunger had been at all bearable; and I have been told they are much more so than is commonly believed.

If my memory serves me correctly, this calm state of mind did not last long. Reason soon began to whisper me, that if I had been hurried, and the earth were closed around my coffin, I should not be able to respire, which I could now do with ease. I did not, of course, dream of the vault in which I was placed, but considered at first I had been buried in earth. The freedom of respiration gave me the idea that, after all, I was not yet carried forth for interment, but that I was about to be borne to the grave, and that there I should be suffocated inevitably. Such is the inconsistency of the human mind, that I who had just now resigned myself to die by famine, imagined this momentary mode of death a hundred times more formidable. The idea that I was not yet interred increased my anxiety to make myself heard from without. I called aloud and struck the sides and lid of the coffin to no purpose, till I was hoarse and fatigued, but all in vain. A deathly silence reigned around me amid my unbroken darkness. I was now steeped in fearful agony: I shrieked with horror: I plunged my nails into my thighs and wounded them: the coffin was soaked in my blood; and by tearing the wooden sides of my prison with the same maniacal feeling, I lacerated my fingers, and wore the nails to the quick, soon becoming motionless from exhaustion. When I was myself once more, I called aloud my wife's name; I prayed, and, I fear, I blasphemed, for I knew not what I said; and I thus continued until my strength again left me, and nature once more sought replenishment from temporary insensibility. At this time, I had a vision of a most indefinable character, if it were one, and not a glance (as I am induced sometimes to think it was,) between the portals of death into the world of spirits. It was all shapeless and formless. Images of men and women, often numberless, in a sort of shadowy outline, came before and around me. They seemed as if limbless from decay. Their featureless heads moved upon trunks hideously vital; in figure like bodies which I have seen drawn forth from burned dwellings, each being rather a hideous misshapen mass than a human resemblance. Thick darkness and silence succeeded—the darkness and silence of a too horrible reality. If, as I suspected, I slept about this time from weakness, it was but to awake again to a more fearful consciousness of my dreadful situation.

Fresh but vain efforts to make myself heard were reiterated as far as my strength would allow. I found with no great difficulty I could turn on my side, and over on my belly. I tried, by lifting my back, and by a violent strain to burst open the coffin-lid; but the screws resisted my utmost strength. I could not, besides, draw up my knees sufficiently high to afford a tenth part of the purchase I should otherwise have made bear upon it. I had no help but to return again to the position of the dead, and reluctantly gain a little agonizing repose from my exertions. I was conscious how weak my efforts had made me, yet I resolved to repeat them. While thus at rest, if inactive torture could be denominated rest, I wept like a child when I thought of the sunshine, and blue skies, and fresh air which I should never more enjoy—how living beings thronged the streets, and thousands around me were joyous or busy, while I was doomed to perish in tortures! Why was my fate so differently marked out from that of others? I had no monstrous crimes to repent of, yet hundreds of criminal men were in the full revelry of life! I fancied I heard the toll of a bell; breathless, I listened—it was a clock striking the hour! The sound was new life to me. "I am not inhumed at least, but perhaps am unwatched: such were my thoughts: "interment will take place; my coffin will be moved; I shall easily make myself heard then."—This was balm to me; I shouted anew—struck my prison boards with all the power left me, and ceased only when exertion was no longer possible.

Men may fancy how they would find themselves under similar circumstances, and on the like trying occasions, but it is seldom a correct judgment can be previously formed on such matters. It was only at intervals that I was so fearfully maddened by my dreadful situation as to lose the power of rational reflection, or so overcome as to be debarred the faculty of memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew up my feet a few inches, my knees pressed the cover of the coffin, so that this slight shift of position brought no relief. My impatience of the restraint in which I was kept began at length to drive me well nigh into real madness. I was fevered; my temples burned and throbbed; my tongue became dry; light flashed across my eyes, and my brain whirled round. I am certain that my existence was preserved solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, and which, from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperature. But alas! this was only that I might revive to encounter once more irremediable horror. Who could depict the frenzy—the unspeakable anguish of my situation? I thought my eyes would start from my head; burning tears flowed down my cheeks; my heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became restless in feeling without finding space for a fancied relief in a new change of position. In my mental anguish, at times, however, I forgot my motionless bodily suffering, my rack of immovable agony.

How many hours I lay in this my state of active and passive torture, I cannot tell. My thirst however soon became intolerable. My mouth seemed full of hot ashes. I heard again the hollow sound of a clock-bell of no small magnitude, judging from its deep intonation. No cranny which I had hitherto observed in my prison let in light, though I well knew there must be some fissure, or fresh air, or the continuance of light could not have been admitted—how else had I existed? It was night, perhaps, when I first came to myself in my prison of "six dark boards!" I groped in vain over every part of their wooden surface which I could reach; I could find no clink—could see no ray. Again I heard the hollow knell, and again—still in my state of agony. O God! what were my feelings!

For a long time after this I lay steeped in my suffering, or, at least, for a long time as it seemed to me. My head was bruised all over; my limbs were excessively sore, the skin rubbed off in many places with my struggling; my eyes aching with pain. I sought relief by turning on my right side (I had never before turned but on my left), when I felt under me a hard substance which I had not before perceived. I grasped it with some difficulty, and soon found it was a knot from the coffin-plank which had been forced inwards, in all probability after I was placed there. I saw also a dim light through a hole about as large as a half-crown piece, just below where my chin came. I put my hand to it, and found it covered with coarse cloth, which I easily imagined was the lining of my coffin. I soon contrived to force my finger through this cloth, though not without considerable difficulty. Faint enough was the light it revealed, but it was a noon-day sun of joy to me. By an uneasy strain of my neck I could see obliquely through the opening, but every thing was confused in my brain. My sight was clouded, heavy and thick. I at first could only perceive there was light, but could distinguish no object. My senses, however, seemed to sharpen as new hopes arose. I closed my eyes for a minute together, and then opened them, to restore their almost worn out power of vision. At length I could distinguish that immediately opposite to me there was a small window, crossed by massy iron bars, through which the light I saw streamed in upon me like joy into the soul of misery. I now cried with delight. I thought I was among men again, for the pitchy darkness around me was dispersed. I forgot for a moment my sufferings: even the fearful question how I should get free from my durance before famine destroyed me, was for a long time absent from my mind, and did not recur until I could look through the fissure no longer, from the giddiness caused by a too earnest fixedness of gaze.

I soon concluded, from the massy stones on each side of the opening and the strength of the bars, that I was in a church vault, and this was confirmed when I came to distinguish the ends of two or three coffins which partly interposed between me and the light. I watched the window until the light began to grow dim, with feelings no language can describe—no tongue can tell! As the gloom of night approached my heart began to beat fainter, and my former agonies returned with tenfold weight, not withstanding which I imagine I must have slept some time. I was sensible of a noise, like the grating of a heavy door upon its hinges, when I revived or awoke, I cannot say which, and I saw the light of a candle stream across the fissure in my coffin. I called out "For the love of your own soul release me; I am buried alive!" The light vanished in a moment—fear seemed to have palsied the hand that held it, for I heard a rough voice desire the holder of it to return. "If there be any one here, he's soldered up, Tom—hand me the light—the dead never speak—Jim the snatcher is not to be scared by rotten flesh!" Again I called as loud as I could "I am buried alive—save me!" "Tom! the axe," cried the undaunted body-snatcher; "the voice comes from this box. The damned undertakers made too great haste, I suppose." In a few minutes I was sitting upright in my coffin!

ESCAPE OF A SLAVE GIRL.—The following interesting particulars of the escape of a slave girl, and her preservation from a painful and lingering death at sea in an open boat, is taken from a Cape of Good Hope paper, received by the last arrival:—"The Woodlark, Captain W. Hardie, reports, that on Tuesday, March 21st, 1843, whilst cruising off Alatabello Isles, in the Banda Sea, in quest of sperm whales, she observed a canoe about three miles distant, with one person in it, paddling towards us, and sent a boat with some bread and water and a few green cocoa-nuts. At sunset the boat got up with the canoe. There was only one person, a New Guinea girl, in it, who jumped into our boat immediately it got alongside the canoe, and pointed to a cocoa-nut, which was given to her with some water. There was nothing in the canoe but a small piece of salt fish, two paddles, and two fish-spears. The boat towed the canoe alongside, we hoisted it in, put clean clothing on the poor creature, offered her a glass of wine, which she refused till the captain tasted it before her, after which she drank it off, and seemed to revive immediately, and ate a hearty supper of fried fish, bread, and tea. We tried all we could to bring her into conversation with us in the Malay language, but she never spoke during the ten days she was on board, but seemed highly pleased with the attention paid her, and particularly with the dresses we made her. We supposed her to be a runaway slave. She pointed to the island of Tehar,

as the one to which she belonged, but on being asked in the Malay tongue, if she wished to return to her isle again, shook her head and pointed to the island of Coram, as if she wished to go there, where we landed her. The Rajah of the place promised to treat her kindly, and he and his lady seemed very fond of her, and said they would keep her as a household servant, for which he was presented with a bottle of gunpowder, six yards of calico, and some coarse cutlery. When asked by the Rajah's lady what made her leave the island, she stated that the cruelty of her father and brothers made her leave, that when she left she did not expect to live, and did not care what became of her."

INVENTION OF SUSPENSION-BRIDGES BY THE CHINESE 1,600 YEARS AGO.—The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at this early period is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Shang-leang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Kaou-tsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shen-se, to the west of the capital. Hitherto, its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 labourers, he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places, he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers very appropriately "flying bridges," and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shen-se stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain over a chasm of 500 feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide, that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that, as the missionaries in China made known the fact, more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspension-bridges, and that many of them were of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.—*Thornton's History of China.*

WARM, WARMER, WARMEST.—A house with a wife is sometimes warm enough: a house with a wife and her mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two mothers-in-law is so excessively hot that it is likened to no place on the earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile.

A BROAD HINT.—The great man of a village being at dinner, allowed one of his tenants to stand while he conversed with him. "What news, my friend?" said the squire. "None that I know of," replied the farmer, "except that a sow of mine has had a litter of thirteen pigs, and she has only twelve teats." "What will the thirteenth do?" asked the landlord. "Do as I do," replied Hodge; "it will stand and look on while the others eat."

TICKET No. 10.



OUGH.—The Count Antonio, a young Italian gentleman, on a visit to England, for the purpose of learning the language, is taking a walk with his friend and tutor, Mr. Beauchamp. *Scene*, a green lane between meadows.

Count Antonio [Speaking with a very slight accent].—But how beautiful it is, the place. In Italy we have more equal, more hot weather, and less of wet; but I should willingly exchange our dryness for this most beautiful verdure.

Mr. Beauchamp.—Upon my honour, John Bull must feel quite proud of such a compliment from the denizen of a climate like yours! But you are right: among your vines, your luscious fruits, under your clear sky and genial sun, I have often longed for a meadow such as this over the hedge. It seemed as if the mere sight of it would quench my thirst.

Count.—I can understand. It is very fine.

Mr. B.—The great drawback is, that we can never make sure of enjoying it thoroughly; for though there seldom passes an entire day in which one cannot get out of doors at all, yet the frequent rains make the ground wet, and often make one pay the penalty of a rheumatism for rural indulgences.

Count.—Ah, I know it well. When I first came to England, I had a cow, and kept it a long while.

Mr. B.—For the sake of the milk?

Count.—Why old Mrs. Johnson prescribed ass's milk to get rid of it.

Mr. B.—To get rid of what?

Count.—The cow. She said it would settle on my lungs.

Mr. B.—Ha! ha! Excuse me, my dear Count; I admire, but cannot imitate the politeness of you Italians, who never laugh at verbal blunders. A cow is a female ox. We call your infliction, not a cow, but a *cauf*, cough.

Count.—A *cauf*! Ah, I shall never learn all your diverse modes of speaking the words.

Mr. B.—Do not despair, you have got on wonderfully, you speak almost like a native already, and only want time to learn the irregularities of the language, which I must confess are numerous.

Count.—It is all irregularity! I do believe, truly, that almost every word is pronounced unlike all the rest.

Mrs. B.—Come, you exaggerate.

Count.—Scarcely; there is hardly any rule that applies to more than half a dozen words; and very often the same characters are pronounced in different modes. Your own name is example, *Beauchamp*, which you call *Beecham*. What is the use of the *a*, the *u*, and the *p*, in that word? And even this fantastic mode of pronouncing it is not fixed. *Ea u* is pronounced all ways. You might say, little Miss *Beecham* is the *bo*-ideal of infant *beuty*.

Mr. B.—Ha! ha! you are a most complimentary philologist.

Count.—The fact is, the pronunciation is only to be acquired by the study of every individual word. What a labour for a foreigner! A general key to it will never be found, *thau*f soft like a diamond.

Mr. B.—Soft like a diamond! I believe a diamond is the hardest substance in nature. Nor do I see now that which you complain of, as hard, can be soft.

Count.—Soft, do you not say?—or *seeked*?

Mr. B.—I comprehend,—you mean *sought*. Which reminds me that you should have said though [tho] not *thau*f.

Count.—That *ough* again! It is my *slow* of Despond. To conquer the difficulty is a job as *taw* as the sounds are *raw*;—as *raw* as the voice of a daw or a *chaw*.

Mr. B.—*Chaw*!—You should have said *slou*, by the by, *slough*, not *slow*. By *taw*, I suspect you mean *tough*; but what do you mean by being as *raw* as a *chaw*?

Count.—*Chaw*—is there not a bird, a Cornish *chaw*; and its voice is *raw*, is it not?

Mr. B.—A *chuff*, a *chough*; and, as you say, its voice is *ruff*. The bird you may call *raw*, until is cooked.

Count.—Your corrections serve only to mislead me, you see. You may knead the language into as many shapes as easily as *duff*.

Mr. B.—Doe, *dough*—

Count.—*Dough*,—and therefore you might draw a rule about as easily as you might *plo* a furrow in *Low* Iron, or *Low* Swilly, or any other *low*.

Mr. B.—Plough you mean; and you should say *Lock* [Lough] Swilly; and I suppose *Lock* Iron; but you seem more learned than I am in British geography.

Count.—*Enoc*! It is hopeless.

Mr. B.—*Enoch*!

Count.—*Basta*, *basta*.

Mr. B.—Oh! enough.

Count.—I shall never get *thruff* it! *ough*. I have *foot* *dotily* with the difficulty; but it is *thorau*fly impossible to conquer. I have *socked* for a clue to the labyrinth as eagerly as a pig at his *true*. All I have gained is *knout*.

COURTSHIP.

“Oh Laura! will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain?
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure, the richest I'm worth;
I offer thee *love*, the sincerest,
The warmest e'er glowed upon earth!”
But the maiden a haughty look flinging,
Said, “Cease my compassion to move,
For I'm not very partial to singing,
And they're poor whose *sole* treasure is love?”

“Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
Too boldly!—nay turn not away,—
For my heart with affliction is broken—
My uncle died only to day!
My unele, the nabob—who tended
My youth with affectionate care,
My manhood who kindly befriended—
Has—died—and—has—left me—his—*heir*!”
And the maiden said, “Weep not, sincerest!
My heart has been your's all along;
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Do, Edward go on with your song!”

NOVEL CONVEYANCE.—The end of last month, Mr. Nelson the clown, accomplished his difficult and extraordinary task of sailing in a mashing-tub, drawn by four geese, from the Park Wharf to Broadwicke's Wharf, on the canal at Kidderminster. The crowd who were assembled threw pieces of bread to the geese to divert their attention, and some threw stones and sticks at them. This, of course, rendered the task more difficult, but it was performed by Mr. Nelson in beautiful style.—*Worcester Journal*.

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